

A Great Mystic Story by Harold McGrath

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SYNOPSIS.

Zudora is left an orphan at an early age. Her father is killed in a gold mine. Zudora and the fortune from the mine, which grows to be worth \$20,000,000, are Zudora and the fortune from the mine, which grows to be worth \$20,000,000, are left in the guardianship of Frank Keene. Zudora's mother's brother. Zudora, giving promise of grent beauty, reaches the age of eighteen. The uncle, who has set himself up as a Hindu mystic and is known as Hassam All, decides that Zudora must die before she can have a chance to come into possession of her money, so that it may be left to him, the next of kin. Hassam All sees an obstacle to his scheme in the person of John Storm, a young lawyer, for whom Zudora has taken a fancy, and he commands the girl to put the man out of her mind. Zudora insists that if she cannot marry Storm she will marry no one. "Well, well," says Hassam All, "if you take such a stand I'll compromise. Solve my next twenty cases and you can marry him; fail in a single case and you must renounce him."
Zudora, using the knowledge gained from years of association with her uncle, unravels a baffling mystery and wins her first case—a case in which John Storm is saved from being convicted of a murder instigated by Hassam All visit Nabok Shan's house, where sleep overcomes every one whenever Nabok attempts to marry a princess. Storm, seeking Zudora, is made a prisoner. Zudora folis Nabok Shan, restores the princess to her original lover and saves Storm from death.

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A maker of diamonds tells Hassam All his secret. Storm informs Zudora that his life is being attempted frequently. Storm suspects Hassam All. Storm is arrested for stealing the diamond maker's gems, but Zudora discovers the real thieves—a pair of mica.

The negro help employed on Storm's father's farm are fleeing because a great skeleton hand appears at night upon a hill near by. Storm is baffied in his investigation, but Zudora learns that her uncle has employed Jimmy Bolton, a half witted man, thus to annoy Storm's parents. Zudora finds Bolton operating a big magic lantern and is attacked by him. Storm opportunely appears and saves her from Bolton.

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Hassam Ali asks Zudora to find a gem lost by two mysterious old men. Zudora gets a photograph of the gem and it burns in her hand. An old house is mined by Hassam Ali and the old men. Storm and Zudora are lured there and narrowly escape destruction when the house blows up. John McWinter, endeavoring to trap and kill George Smith, is killed himself, and Smith is charged with murder. Hassam Ali conspires to have John Storm meet the same fate as McWinter, and he and Storm are overcome by powerful fumes.

Storm are overcome by powerful fumes. Zudora saves them, proves that McWinter's own dog trapped and killed him and saves Smith from a band of lynchers. An inventor blows up a submarine with a powerful heat ray which he sends through water. Hassam All sends Zudora to a photographed directly beautiful based.

to a photographer directly beneath the in-ventor's laboratory and orders the in-ventor to kill her. Zudora gets a warning, and her life is saved. The heat ray ma-chine is destroyed, and the photographer, after a quarrel with Hassam All, is found dead in the river. dead in the river. Wu Chang prevents Zudora's elopement

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Wu Chang prevents Zudora's elopement with John Storm by hypnotizing her, and he and Hassam All attempt to smuggle her out of the country. This plot is frustrated by Storm.

Baird, Hassam All's double, falls in love with Zudora. Baird and Mme. Du Val kidnap Zudora and the Van Wick child. Storm rescues them, and Hassam All dies.

With Hassam All dead Zudora is releas With Hassam All dead Zudora is released of her pledge to solve twenty cases. She confronts, however, the greatest mystery of all, which is the mystery of her own life, and the smbition to secure the vast fortune of \$20,000,000 left to her. Her remarkable adventures will be portrayed by Harold MacGrath in the succeeding chapters. This photo serial is being shown in the leading moving picture theaters by the Thanhouser Film Corporation. Among those participating are Marguerite Snow, Mary Elisabeth Forbes, James Crusa, in the new role of reporter-hero, Eidney Bracey and Frank Farrington.

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On looking through her uncle's papers Zudora finds that her father left her an interest in a diamond mine, and Storm and Baird both lend assistance in trying to regain for her possession of this estate which is being appropriated by

CHAPTER XI.

A Message From the Heart. TORM was deeply concerned over

the diamond affair. Some one had cheated and was still cheating Zudora. He was also puzzied why Hassam Ali's papers contain-

He made a journey to all the banks, but at none of them did be find that the uncle had had an account or a lock box.

There was no doubt in his mind that the villainous servant Amed had made off with what money Hassam All had around the house.

But there was this diamond mine Who was manipulating it and pocketing the profits? He was in a blind alley.

To find out where this diamond mine was would be like hunting the proverbial needle in the baystack. Hunt was working all the wires he could, but to date be bad not discovered anything.

"Zudora," sald Storm, "I've got some thing to cheer you up a bit." "News?"

"No. That's an article as elusive as a New Jersey mosquito." He took from his pocket a small box and opened it.

"Oh, how pretty!" she exclaimed. "It's an engagement bracelet."

"I wish it was a wedding ring. Why not?" impulsively. "You are all alone now. You haven't any bargain to fulfill. Why can't you marry me right away, Zudora? I'm not rich, but I have a little, enough for our needs. i'll buy some pretty little bungalow around Long Island, and we'll live like

a couple of fairy story people." "No. John. There seems to be an evil star of some sort hanging over me

Look what I've gone through!" "But you've gone through it, and if you had what you call an evil star I don't think you would be here. Let's get married."

"No. I don't want to hurt you, John but I feet oppressed. I feel as if some danger were hovering near me. I've lost some of that confidence I had when Uncle Frank was alive. And dear, I don't was to drag you into it."

"That's nonsense. When a man oves a woman as I love you, why shouldn't be share trouble and happi ness alike? I never liked your uncle Zudora. And I still hold to this day that he was your evil star, if you had

"I know-one shouldn't speak ill of the dead. I never could get the idea out of my head that he was in some way connected with your narrow es capes. What he had in mind I don't know, nor can I figure out what he had in view. You won't marry me then?"

"Not while I feel as I do. John." "I suppose I'll have to grin and bear it," be said with an assumption of cheerfulness. "Now this burnt scrat of paper comes back, like the cat. Lots of letters weren't touched, but this one particular piece had to be damaged by fire. A mine of diamonds, but, in

beaven's name, where?" "Perhaps I'd better put the whole thing out of my thoughts. It does look impossible. But never doubt that I love you. John.'

"I don't doubt it. What I doubt is the wisdom of your trying to go this thing alone."

"It is written," lightly. "After all I'm something of an orientalist. What will be will be. Now talk to me about how you first came to love me. There are some things a woman never gets tired of, and that's one of them.

That was an easy matter for John. And Captain Radeliffe was making love, too, but not so successfully that be could hear any wedding bells in fancy.

Mme. Du Vai sat in the salon playing the harp. She had a cynical humor She believed that she might better play the harp here on earth than risk the chance of not playing one in the

The captain crept up behind her softly and sprinkled a handful of rose leaves over her handsome head. She simply shrugged and went on with her

playing. Some cats like to be fondled. Mme. Du Val belonged to that category which did not.

"You've spolled a rose,"

"It was well wasted," be said, trying to take her hands from the strings. "You bother me! I am not only playing; I am thinking. And there's a good deal to think about since we saw that locket. I'm wondering how to get rid of that girl. She isn't Hassam All's niece for nothing. She is shrewd, and so far as she is concerned we must walk carefully when we come into contact with her. Now, captain, I am not in the mood for love scenes, if you

"You drive me crazy sometimes!" "I return the compliment. Ther goes the bell." "Hang the bell!" he growled.

He was not pleased to see the visitors, two men of his own class, but business was busines He eyed Mme, Du Val covertly. She

did not appear to exhibit any particular regret at the interruption.

As a matter of fact, the sight of her visitor relieved her. Radcliffe was a persistent wooer, and

rebuffs seemed to have no other effect than to redouble his ardor. She ordered the footman to take

away the harp and bring the cards and card tables. While we wait," she said, "we might

as well while away the time pleas The fountain tinkled as usual. From

time to time Mme. Du Val sent a glance toward it. All at once the jet of water flew at a

tangent. Radcliffe rose and touched the knob, lifting the panel which disclosed the secret elevator. Three hard visaged men stepped into

the room, blinking after their long burrow through the dark tunnels. One of them was dressed in the flashy manner so dear to our native

product-the gun man. His name was Gyp, and, though he was not aware of it, he was on the short road to a certain unenvied chair. There was something in his eyes that

reminded you of the hyens. But a

trained byens has a marketable qual

"Ike," said Radeliffe, "when you ea ter this house take off your hat. The next time I'll mash it down over your lamps."

"All right, cap. Th' light blinds me when I comes in here, an' I forget. Well, we're ready."

Mme. Du Val shrugged and crossed over to the gem vault. She despised

these tools, but in crime one has to take what tools one can.

And there was always the possibility of these low brutes speaking incau tiously during some drinking bout She brought the little boy " gems

back. Then Radeliffe drew the sign on a piece of paper-a heart with a dagger running through it. This was a kind of key that would

open a certain door. The initials of each were then written within the heart, which was surrendered to Gyp. This sort of business was after his own heart. He did not like directness except when he struck, after the fash

ion of his prototype, the rattlesuake. About that same hour, half after 8. Detective Hunt was going carefully over a package of partly burnt letters. those rescued from Hassam All's house before the fire got beyond control. He was studying each bit of paper

with scrupulous care. The door open ed. He looked up impatiently. "Oh, Storm! Come in; interesting

work here, but I haven't found any thing worth a wooden toothpick." "I want you to look at this, Hunt," said Storm, producing the burnt piece be had shown Zudora that afternoon.

"Hum! Where did you find it?" "In the cellar of the burnt house."
"Uhuh." He searched it thoroughly ander his magnifying glass. "Haven't Dig into these and see what you can

By and by he came upon a half burnt etter that made him sit up with a jerk. Then he laughed shortly. "Mme

"John, did Hassam All know a wo man by the name of Mme. Du?" "Mme. Du? Not that I'm aware of

Du.

but he knew a Mme. Du Val." "Ah, I see!" Then the detective stacked those letters he had gone through and picked up his pipe. "Queer old codger, that Hassam All These scraps of paper prove to me that crooks are the most credulous people in the world." "What do you mean by that?"

"Well, he seemed to know some of the biggest in the country, and they always went to him when in doubt. Evidently thought he could look into the future and tell them whether they'd go to jail or not. Crooks are peculiar people, believe me, boy. Now let's go out and get a bite somewhere. I've been cramped up in this caboose since 3 this afternoon."

"Nothing about the diamonds?" "Not an eyelash. But there's a vague mention of a couple of tons of gold.

"Gold. But whose it is or where it is, nix. Shop's closed for the night. But there's one thing. There's some fancy diamond smuggling going on and some fancy diamond cutting besides. And your Uncle Dudley's going to nati em one of these days."

And that fancy diamond cutter himself was wondering how long this soft snap was going to last.

To take a known diamond and make it an unknown one was the main trick of his present occupation.

It was good money and little danger so far as he was concerned.

His room was in a garret in a partially deserted tenement. He was rarely disturbed by any one but the janitor, who was old and nearsighted and



Radoliffe Was a Persistent Wooer.

did not care what his tenant's business was so long as the rent was paid in advance.

All about was the expert cutter's ma chinery and paraphernalia. The door had a heavy bar and chain tock.

Hidden in the wall was a small safe.

a diamond cutter knows the value of "chips.

The cutter himself was rather froway looking old chap. He wore a eyeglasses which resembled the chauf | good luck. feur's goggies.

He finished polishing a stone, locked If up and left the room. In the hall outside this den was a dumb waiter. From this he took a can of oil and re-

He filled the tamp and lit it, then sat down and smoked his pipe in the attitude of waiting for some one.

At 9 three men arrived at the door of the tenement. They stood idly in the doorway for a minute, then ducked inside

But Jim Baird, who had been following them steadily for an bour or more, was quite confident that some where in youder tenement was the wonderful crook diamond cutter be had so often heard about during his masquerade as Hassam All.

What a chance there had been for real honest money in that old inventor of diamonds whose shop had been back of the cheese maker's! But he had to go and die. Baird did not thrill pleasurably at

the sight of the gun man called Gyp.

He had already in his capacity as re porter run up against that murderous scoundrel, and Gyp had sworn he'd "get him." He lottered about, wishing to give the rogues plenty of time. What he

wanted was a good look at the dia-

mond cutter's shop He had no interest in the three crooks who had shown him the way Two of them had beaten him here. up not more than a fortnight gone, so he was perfectly willing to keep out of their way.

The crooks climbed the three flights of rickety, creaking stairs until they came to the lapidary's door,

The gun man used the knocker With his machine humming the cutter could not hear the sound of ordinary knuckles.

Gyp rapped three times and then shoved aside the knocker, revealing a small hole.

He passed through a slip of paper



im Baird Has Been Following Then

the same Mme. Du Val bad given him -and waited.

slithering of steel bars and clinking of chains. "Got some candy for yub, ol' gamon!" said Gyp cheerfully. "You know who sent 'em. Seven shirt lamps, mazda

power. Take a tenth of a carat off o each. Them's th' orders." "An' I keeps th' chips," "Sure! Gimme a receipt. They love me, but they don't trust me, an' 1 ain't wantin' t' make th' tide any high-

er in East river when she rolls in "Then there's some one you're afraid

of?"

"Surest thing, bo!" "Hand 'em over. An,' say, start 'er up. I never seen a diamond nicked

"Jus' to please the ladies!" cried the apidary, going to his machine. It took a long time for his friends to

ome down, thought Baird. Finally be letermined to risk meeting them. He entered the building and tiptoed op the stairs. The burr of machinery caught his ear, and he knew that he

need not go any farther. He tried the doorknob, but only half heartedly. Such a door would never be unlocked.

Then be heard voices. All were there ret. If he could but find a ropel

He peeked into the dumb waiter and found an unused coil of manila hemp on the top of it. Just what he wanted Next be bunted around for the scut tle ladder and crept up on to the roof He tied the rope to a chimney and gently lowered himself down to the lapidary's window.

Nothing doing there. Blinds were closed. He could see four men, but could not distinguish any features. And what he wanted most of all was one good look at the man who pared ortunes from diamonds, as it were He wanted this knowledge keenly.

Ah, be was turning! The light was striking in his face. Baird drew himself up quickly, regained the ball and stole down the street. If Hunt's private rogue's gallery held

no likeness of this cutter, then it was s find, a scoop. He set out for Hunt's office, know-

ing that he had a fair chance of catch-

Here he kept his gems and "chips," for ing his friend doing a little night work Sure enough, Hunt was at work Storm had gone home, and Baird was

rather glad to have missed him. Not that he disliked the young law greasy old brocade dressing gown and yer; rather that he envied him his

Zudora Keene was the kind of wom an who led men to great endeavors Was it not due to her that he had chosen the straight and narrow was and was making good in it?

There was one thing. Zudora must never, never know the role he played When Hassam All died his double had

gone with him. "Say, Baird, you're just the chap I want to see. Did you ever do any corresponding in that Hassam Ali

game?" asked Hunt. "How do you mean?"

Baird, rather disheartened. Here was Hunt resurrecting the dead!

"I mean did you answer or receive



Hunted Around For the Scuttle Ladder and Crept Up on to the Roof. letters addressed to him when he was too ill to attend to them?"

"What was the nature of his ac quaintance with Mme. Du Va!?" "Rather formal, so far as I know."

"Nothing between them?"

"There may have been. You see. Hunt, it was only toward the last that I really did any Hassam Ali stunts. And I wish to heaven you'd forget that part of my past. I'm trying hard enough."

Hunt put his band on the young man's shoulder. "Cheer up. I shan't mention it again."

"Thanks. Now I've a bit of good news for you. I've seen the man who does that mysterious cutting. I know where his shop is, and I have seen him at work."

"Fine! Wait a minute." Hunt took down a fat volume and turned the pages rapidly. "Here, did be look any thing like this?"

"Line for line!" "I thought so. He's been lying low, If you know where he lives you might take me around there and give me the lay of the land for future use, mind

you." "Come along, then."

At half past 10 Zudora sat before the freplace in her room twirling the brace let and vaguely wondering why she felt this presage of evil. If she told Storm about the gold he might believe that that stood between them and the altar. So she must still keep that a secret. What was that? She started up with a repressed shrick. Before the window appeared the ghostly form of a woman. It seemed to dissolve into nothing even as she looked. Zudora's cry, however, brought in Mrs. Ra the landlady.

"What has happened, child?" "I don't know, but either I've seen i ghost or some one is playing a sorry

trick on me. The two examined the window, drew back the curtains and peered outside. There was nothing to be seen

"Perhaps you were dreaming," suggested Mrs. Ramsey.

"I never dream with my eyes open, not that kind of a dream," declared Zudora stoutly. "Some one has attempted to frighten me, and perhaps the best thing I can do is to make be lieve that he or she has succeeded. I'll



Before the Window Appeared the Ghostly Form of a Woman.

have Mr. Storm come over in the morn ing, and we'll let him think that I have been badly frightened. He'll go hunting around; he'll tell Detective Hunt, and maybe I'll find out who did it and

why they did it"

Storm, however, appeared rather skeptical about the ghost proposition.

Some one's been hoaxing you." For what purpose?"

"That remains to be found out. Sup pose we run down to Hunt's office and see what he has to say. He's a sensi ble chap."

Zudora readily agreed to this. Storn called up the detective, who replied

that he would await their coming. When Zudora told him about the vision he did not laugh, as she expect ed he would. He began pacing the

office. After awhile he spoke. "Do you want my honest opinion?"

"Surely!" "Well, some one wants to get you to run away. And what some ope would

this be? Zuders thought for a moment. "Some one who knows about the diamonds! with sudden excitement.

"Right-o! At least that's my opin ion. We're getting warm, Africa b further away than New York. The secret may be right here in this little old burg itself. Play up to it. Some one will be watching you, and your game will be to let them believe they've got you scared. Confidence in crooks always breeds carelessness."

"That is my opinion," said Zudora, "You ought to know. Why don't you set yourself to the job yourself?" asked the detective curlously.

"The truth is, Mr. Hunt, I've really lost my grip since my uncle died. seem to be oppressed all the time. I jump when I hear unexpected noises; find I'm always looking over my shoulder." "For what?"

"If I knew that I could face it with out the least difficulty. It's the un known that rasps on the nerves. 1. who until recently never knew what nerves were."

"Well, whatever game your enemies are playing you finesse your cards and see what they've got. They've surely got the ace of trumps; make no doubt of that. Our game is to draw that out on a worthless card. And now you'll have to excuse me. Got to go down to the Red line pler. More diamonds are due. They'll pull the wool over my eyes for awhile, but sooner or later

I'll get a leetle hole to peek through." Zudora's enemies did hold the ace, but they did not intend to waste it as Detective Hunt hoped they would. Self preservation forbade them to let go of it until the last trick.

Said Mme. Du Val that afternoon: "She looked frightened, and she was



"She looked frightened, and she was frightened."

frightened, but it will take a series of frights to make her feel like run

ning away." "Well," advised Captain Radcliffe. plant a series of frights. Keep her guessing. What's the matter with ship oing her a 'heart' once a week with warnings to leave town or suffer the consequences? Send it by mail. Leave it under her door. Waylay dry goods bundles and slip one in there. If you keep at a thing like that it always wears them down in the end. She may be just as clever as you say she is, but nerves are nerves. Her uncle had a whacking lot of gold in that bouse. Do you think that Hindu ser

vant got away with it?" "I rather believe so. If Zudora had that gold she would not be living so modestly. A woman who is used to runabouts and Paris gowns isn't going

to give them up unless she has to." So Zudora began to receive the mys terious heart. She found it in her laun dry, stuck in her dressing mirror, on the floor in the hall, in boxes of fruits and candy, and always with the warn

ing: Beware! Save your life! Leave the country!" And it did wear down

her nerves. But in the meantime Hunt ran down two of his quarries, Ike and Bill. One has to work up to land the chief

crooks. You never, or rarely, begin with them. You lop off this tentacle and that, and each operation weakens them. The final presentation of the mysterious heart made Zudora nearly break down. It seemed to her that her uncle must have had some deadly en emies and that she had inherited their

vengeance. But they did not succeed in their endeavor to frighten her to the extent of driving her away. The "beart" falled in its purpose, but the evil star still sailed clearly across the heavens.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]